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# POCHADES

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BY NATHAN HASKELL DOLE

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## SEA-MONSTERS

Under my cottage-window lies a sloping beach,  
Broken by enormous boulders.  
When the tide is out  
They are dull, inanimate things;  
But when the swelling waters come with a shout  
They suddenly awake and are alive.  
I behold wide eyes flashing challenges,  
Clutching arms jut from rugged shoulders  
And spasmodically forthreach  
To grapple with the foaming billows which strive  
To overwhelm them with their frolic madness.  
I vow I hear them hoarsely roar,  
Vying with the storm that flaps on misty wings  
Its way along the lonely rock-ribbed shore.

## THE METEOR

Standing on my craggy headland overlooking the sea,  
Discerned only in ghostly phosphorescent flashes,  
While overhead the Summer constellations marched  
In ordered silence, suddenly  
A red iridescent star burst into sight:—  
Slowly, majestically it swept down the West,  
Leaving a faint, dying trail, like sparks in drift-wood ashes.—  
Was it a world like ours, a vast inhabited world  
By frightful cataclysm to annihilation hurled  
By having blindly broken some eternal law;  
Or was it but a torch borne by an unseen messenger of Night,  
Hurrying across the vault that arched  
From buttress to buttress of Infinity?  
I cannot tell; but over me crept a shuddering chill of awe.